# The REVERSE: Or, The Most Illustrious House of HANNOVER.

GREAT *Jove* assist; assist my Enterprize
And all you lesser Letter'd Deities
Inspire my Brain, and let my Pen Indite
Great as the Subject is, of which I Write.
Envy be Damn'd; let glorious Truth rehearse
And New-born Day add Vigour to my Verse,
Peace to my Pen, since happily begun:
Strain nothing here, let all go smoothly on;
Let all chime easy, since the Subject brings
A short Account of a long Race of Kings;
Seen at a distance, though not yet begun
As Beams of Light precede the Rising Sun.
To speak a Prince's Praise, I hope no Crime
Though at a distance, 'twixt the *Elbe* and *Rhine*
Transport your Thoughts beyond the *British* Flood
And see the Glory of the *German* Blood;
There dwells a Prince; a Prince that scorns to fly
I'll Sing his *Name*, his *Race*, and *Family*:
In a sweet Soil, by Art and Nature blest
Supply'd with all by Earth and Air possest;
Near a soft Stream there stands an Ancient Town
Of Old, as well as now, of great Renown:
*Hannover* call'd, a Place of good Defence
The Name and Title of a Mighty Prince.
A Prince whose Race originally came
From the Old *Guelphs*, Men then of mighty Fame
Design'd of Old, tho' by the Hand Divine
Long was it forming in the Womb of Time.
The Sacred *Fiat* spoke, and they alone
By unseen Steps, drew nearer to a Throne.
To *England*'s Throne by Fate and due Descent
Unsought by them; which shews what Heaven meant:
Not got by Trick, or secret Ways unknown
Nor by State-Art; or any Chance drove on:

To *England*'s Throne no other can appear
To make the State and Church more happy here!
By full Content, join'd with the Senat's Voice,
Declar'd Succeſſors in a glorious Choice:
All Men almoſt agreed, few did oppoſe:
Theſe were the Steps, the Steps by which they roſe.
But againſt thoſe, Arm'd both with Craft and Spite,
Fenc'd with a Statute to ſecure their Right.
And as by Nature choſe to what's their due
So they're by God and Nature fitted too:
They hate Oppreſſion, and where e'er they ſway
The faithful Subjects willingly obey.
He's the beſt King that doth beſt Laws approve:
Freedom in Faith, as well as Laws they Love.
In point of Faith they're right, to all Intents;
The Family are faithful Proteſtants:
No Popiſh Gimcracks can their Faith betray,
Nor uſe they Toys and Baubles when they pray.
As their Religion's true, in truth they do't
The Faith of God in Jeſus leads 'em to't.
Nor do their Courage leſs command our praiſe
Cut wide by Skill, and Artful bloody ways.
The *Turk* and Cut-throat *French*, to do 'em right
Know how the Houſe of *Hannover* doth Fight.
Like Angels Clad with the Immortal Name,
They ſcatter'd Deaths and Terrors where they came.
Nor doth his Courage leſs adorn the Throne
Than that vaſt Intereſt he himſelf hath won:
Deſerved Fame all *Germany* did fill,
And Skill and Courage are ſtrong Witchcraft ſtill.
I wiſh my Pen more able to ſet forth,
And I more time and room to tell their worth.
Now all you Bleſſings readily appear,
Attend the Noble Houſe of *Hannover*,
Let Great *Sophia* in the Van appear,
And *George* her Glorious Son ſupport her there.
Heavens bleſs 'em all, all the whole Family,
And curſt be him, that doth this Prayer Deny.